

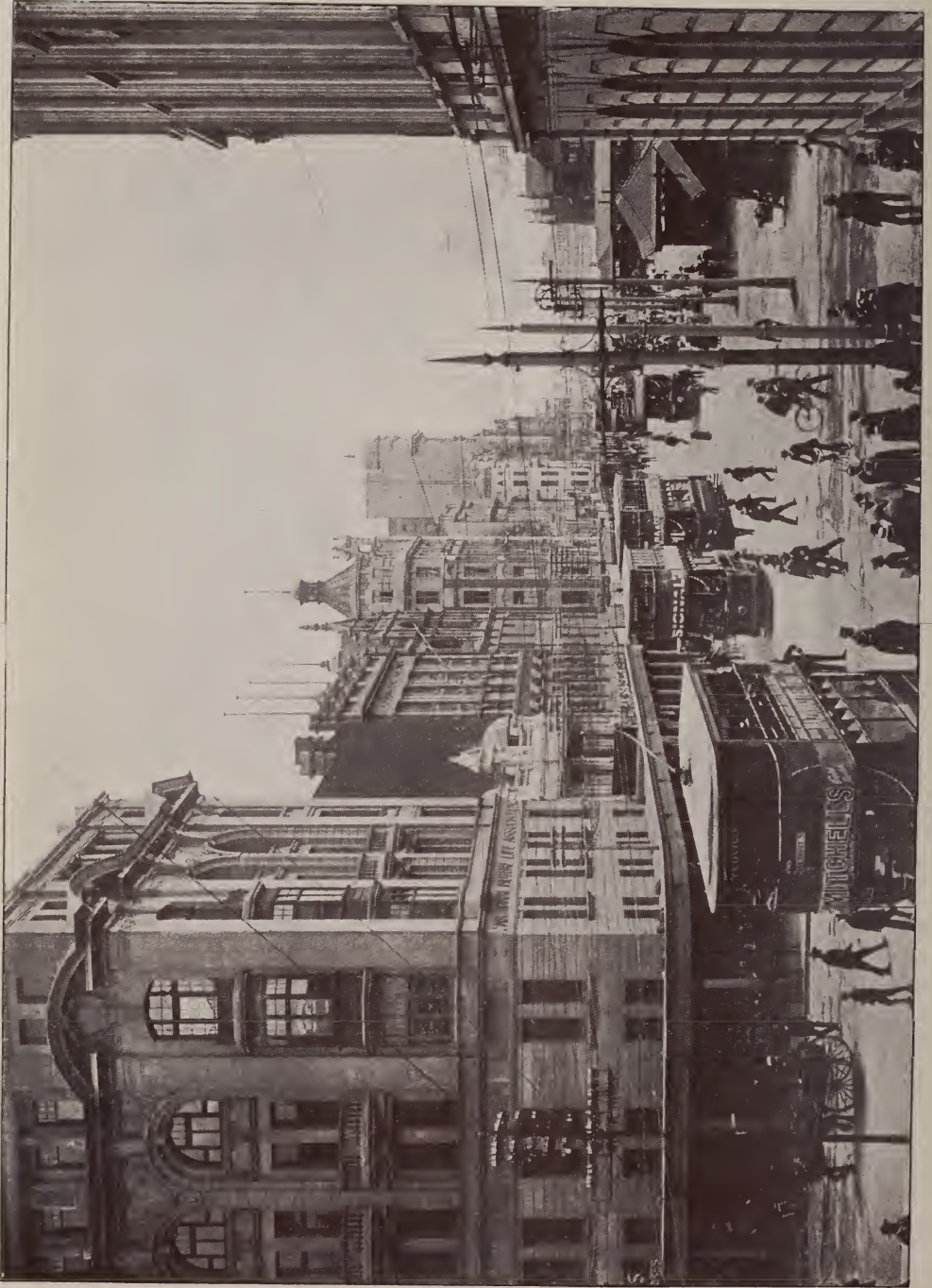


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A MODERN AFRICAN CITY. (See page 203)

Life and Light

Vol. XLVII.

May, 1917

No. 5

A Spanish Study

EVENING FROM THE MOUNTAIN

By Clara Winifred Newcomb

Through the courtesy of *The Smith Alumnae Quarterly*, we are permitted to reprint these charming verses written by Miss Clara W. Newcomb, who is teaching at the Colegio Internacional in Barcelona.

Half spellbound seems the sweep of sky
Above the hillside where we lie;
The far green plain, the turquoise sea,
Are tinged with unreality.

The pearl-white city spread below
Is tinted with the sunset glow,
And faintly clear the distant sound
Comes softly up from all around:

From train and tram and motor horn
A constant roar is hither borne,—
A noise of countless wheels, that dies
Where slopes of pine and olive rise;

Here, tinkling bells and goatherd's shout,
Glad children's laughter ringing out,
Then sweet-toned chimes from convent tower
Name slow the leisure-pacing hour.

Far up the mountain's height may come
The city's muffled roar and hum:

The hills lull all to harmony;
To murmurs like the far-off sea.

The sunset fades; the enchanter sea
Weaves thin white veils of mystery
Above the city; faintly pale
Ten thousand lights shine through the veil.

More slowly, but more near and bright,
The stars lead on the lovely night.—
The last bell tinkles down the hill;
The last voice echoes: all is still.



"Where Slopes of Pine and Olive Rise"

The Garden at the Colegio Internazionale

Editorials

A little group of our missionaries are busy at Hermosillo. Mrs. Blachley, an assistant in the school at Chihuahua, writes of activities which make the days pass quickly and happily, while waiting for a safe return to Chihuahua. Mrs. Wright looks after the comfort of a family of ten; Miss Long and Mrs. Blachley mother the children in the school and care for the kindergarten babies. On Sunday afternoons there is a Junior Christian Endeavor meeting and always there are duties enough to fill hearts and hands. Mr. Wright has charge of the churches and the evangelistic work in the Sonora field. The last word received from Chihuahua reported lives and property safe there. Dr. and Mrs. Howland are now in Mexico City, where Dr. Howland is beginning his work in the Union Theological Institute.

Just as we go to press comes the news of the entrance into the heavenly life of Dr. Robert Chambers, for thirty-seven years a missionary of the American Board in Turkey. He died at the Newton hospital April 2, after an illness of some weeks. Dr. Chambers went in 1879 to the Eastern Turkey Mission, but in 1891 he was transferred to Western Turkey, where he did an important and far-reaching work for boys at Bardezag as principal of the Bithynia High School. He is held in grateful remembrance by hundreds of his pupils now scattered over a wide territory. Since his return to the United States in 1915 he has been deeply interested in raising funds for Armenian relief and has worked unceasingly at this task, having charge of the work of the committee in Boston. He leaves a widow and two sons.

From various sources come words of praise for Miss Mary L. Graffam for her wonderful work among the afflicted of all nations in Sivas. She has just been decorated by the Sultan of Turkey with the order of the Red Crescent,—an honor probably bestowed because of her services at the Turkish Hospital in Erzroom last year.

Dr. Katharine Scott of Madura and Miss Edith Davis of Tientsin, who arrived in March, are spending the spring months in California.

Miss Carolyn T. Sewall is on her way home from Tientsin, coming for the summer on special leave.

At Work in
Hermosillo.

Personal
Notes.

Again we have the joy of welcoming as a new missionary a daughter of one of our devoted Branch workers, Miss Carolyn Welles of Hartford, Conn., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Welles, and a niece of Dr. C. H. Patton. Miss Welles is a graduate of Smith College, 1916, and has taken a kindergarten course. She is ready to sail for India, where she will assist Miss Harding at Sholapur, and take up the work temporarily laid

Jubilee
Missionaries.

down by Miss Wheeler. She has been adopted by the Woman's Board of Missions and welcomed as Jubilee missionary of the Hartford Branch.



Carolyn Welles

It is always a source of satisfaction when the children of missionaries decide to carry on the work of their parents. We are glad to add to our Jubilee missionaries the name of Miss Mary Pauline Jeffery, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. F. E. Jeffery of the Madura Mission. Miss Jeffery graduated from Oberlin in 1916 and is taking a post-graduate course at Chicago University, having the

pleasure also of being with her father and mother there, as they are now on furlough. The recommendations from her professors at Oberlin assure us of her fine scholarship, her practical knowledge and her deep interest in spiritual things. She goes for a term of three years and will give sadly needed help in the Capron Hall school at Madura, returning with her parents this summer.

A third Jubilee missionary lately adopted is Miss Bertha K. Smith, a graduate of the Moravian Seminary in Bethlehem, Pa., and of Dr. White's Bible School in New York. Miss Smith was born in St. Albans, Vt., and has spent five years of her life in Ceylon. She has been a leader in Christian work and



Pauline Jeffery

is looking forward eagerly to the evangelistic work of the Madura Mission, where she will in due time be associated with Miss Mary M.

Root. She hopes to sail this summer unless war conditions prevent. At its last Executive Committee meeting two more young women were adopted, whose photographs will be given in a later number of LIFE AND LIGHT. Miss Helen Constance Barker of Rochester, N. Y., is a graduate of Rochester University and a secretary for young people's work in Western Association. Miss Barker's home training and church activities as well as her college and library work well fit her for the foreign field. As yet her station has not been designated. She is a cousin of Miss Annie Barker, our devoted and efficient missionary at Gedik Pasha. She will spend next year in further preparation at the Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford, Conn.



Bertha K. Smith

And our latest recruit is also the daughter of missionaries, Miss Barbara Howland, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John Howland of Mexico. She graduated from Mount Holyoke College in 1913, having prepared at Northfield Seminary. Since then she has taught with unusual success at Bradford Academy, and has been taking post-graduate work during the last year at Teachers' College. All her life she has been looking forward to returning to Mexico and is now ready for the welcome task when the door of opportunity to that land shall open to her.

Several reasons have combined to make it seem desirable to hold this mid-year meeting earlier than usual. Through the hospitality of the First Congregational Church, Hanover Street, Manchester, N. H., the Board will meet with the New Hampshire Branch on Thursday, May 3.—The sessions will begin at 10.45 A.M. and 1.45 P.M. Luncheon will be served at 35 cents a plate. It is expected that at this Pre-Jubilee meeting there will be a very interesting program, including reports from some of the Branches as to their success in the Win One Woman Campaign, also a statement as to the Golden Anniversary Gift, and other vital matters of the Home Base. The de-

**Semi-annual Meeting
of the Woman's Board.**

votional service will be led by Mrs. Lucius H. Thayer of Portsmouth, N. H., and we expect to have with us several of the missionaries whose message is of peculiar interest just at this time, among whom are Mrs. L. B. Fritts of Mexico, Miss Amy E. McKowan of Japan, and Dr. Clarence D. Ussher of Van, Turkey.

Trains leave the North Station at 9 and 9.30 A.M. returning at 4.25 P.M. Plan to attend and to carry back to your society the inspiration and information to be had at such a gathering.

The May Festival for the Children's Societies of Boston and vicinity will be held on Saturday, May 12, in the Union Church, Columbus Avenue, Boston. A program of special attractions is being **Other** planned by the committee in charge, under the title *A Meetings. Birthday Party of the Board*. One leader wrote in regard to this meeting, "Your festival is the Event of Spring (*sic*) for our boys and girls." May this be true of many groups of young folks hereabouts.

The last Friday meeting for the season will take place in Pilgrim Hall, May 4, at 10.30 A.M. Mrs. C. H. Mix of Worcester will preside.

Plans for the next year's study of Africa will be presented at this meeting and it is expected that Mrs. Fritts of Mexico will be the missionary speaker.

At the Good Friday meeting, April 6, Mrs. Burleigh V. Mathews of the Madura Mission spoke and Mrs. E. D. Gaylord of Dorchester presided.

The American Board will hold its annual conference for newly appointed missionaries, May 18-24, and the conference of young people's secretaries of the Branches occurs May 23 and 24.

This is a summary of conditions as they have existed in Turkey for the past year, and, while it does not contain material strictly new,

A New Leaflet it is a concise statement of the present status of our **on Turkey.** work so far as it was known at the time of writing.

Price, two cents, or twenty cents a dozen. It will be used largely in Christian Endeavor Societies, but is suitable for all organizations desiring to have definite knowledge of the havoc wrought among our Armenian constituency in Turkey.

In a personal letter Mrs. Yarrow writes from Erivan, Russia, of the busy days which Mr. Yarrow, Mr. Maynard and others are spending in relief work in many forms and increasing scope. She sends an interesting paragraph translated from a Russian Armenian daily paper, published in Tiflis, which our readers will be interested to share:—

An Armenian
Version.

“A Refugee was coming from Van. On the way there attacked upon him Weariness, Poverty and Hunger. They wounded and robbed him and left him half dead by the way. It happened that by the same road was passing an Armenian Committee Man. Glancing at the wounded man he passed by.

“After a while a Chairman passed along. Seeing the man he came near, and interested in him he turned him to this and that side, drew a long sigh and sent a telegram, then he also passed by.

“In an hour there came by the same road an American, Dr. Raynolds by name. Noticing the poor man he descended from his carriage, and ran up to him. Asking what had happened he examined him, put bread in his mouth and tightened his girdle. Then putting him in his carriage he brought him to Erivan. There he bought wool and gave to him saying, ‘Spin and knit stockings and I will pay you.’

“Which of these three really helped the Refugee? ‘The American, of course,’ answer the Armenian committees. ‘If that is so go you and do likewise,’ was the answer.”

In a conference held in New York lately to consider important questions of policy for Armenian relief, Dr. Henry Morgenthau, recent United States Ambassador to Turkey, was asked, “What about the missionaries in Turkey?”

An Ambassador's
Testimony.

After an impressive pause this was the answer of the former ambassador: “When the roll of saints and heroes in this war shall be made up, and it will be a long one, for many valorous deeds have been performed, the names of the American missionaries in Turkey will be at the head of the list.”

In a late letter from Monastir, Miss Mary L. Matthews says: “I am the only American here now, the others having been sent to Salonica in December. The Orphanage with seventeen girls and a woman to care for them and a few families who are with me, are my responsibility at present.”

We regret that our report for March shows a loss in Branch gifts for regular work, although fortunately the marked gains of December and January are not overbalanced as yet. Legacy receipts since October have been very small, a fact the more unwelcome because we must count on at least \$25,000 annually in legacies to supplement donations. Remembering that last year, with \$26,700 in legacies, we were obliged to make an appeal for extra gifts to cover the work of 1917 on the field, we call attention to present conditions. Friends in the Branches, we look to your gifts to do what we fear legacies will not do.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS FROM MARCH 1-31, 1917

	For Regular Work			For Buildings	For Work of 1917	For Special Objects	From Legacies	TOTAL
	Branches	Other Sources	TOTAL					
1916	\$6,766.48	\$1,228.18	\$7,994.66	\$3,940.09	—	\$185.00	\$4,525.00	\$16,644.75
1917	5,456.18	559.00	6,015.18	3,507.07	\$83.00	8.75	958.84	10,572.84
Gain					\$83.00			
Loss	\$1,310.30	\$669.18	\$1,979.48	\$433.02		\$176.25	\$3,566.16	\$6,071.91

OCTOBER 18, 1916 TO MARCH 31, 1917

1916	\$43,799.72	\$2,845.44	\$46,645.16	\$24,869.98	—	\$1,018.68	\$13,878.60	\$86,412.42
1917	46,214.84	1,897.50	48,112.34	23,402.52	\$4,298.31	747.15	5,952.69	82,513.01
Gain	\$2,415.12		\$1,467.18		\$4,298.31			
Loss		\$947.94		\$1,467.46		\$271.53	\$7,925.91	\$3,899.41

RECEIPTS FOR REGULAR WORK AND BUILDINGS JANUARY 1 TO MARCH 31, 1917

Counting on Apportionment for 1917				Not Counting on Apportionment		TOTAL
From Auxiliary Societies	From Churches	From Church Organizations	TOTAL	From Individuals	From Other Sources	
\$26,227.28	\$1,792.62	\$1,909.61	\$29,929.51	\$6,195.15	\$1,366.91	\$37,491.57

Our Wireless Coil

By Miriam G. Mix

IN a boy's room at our home there stands what is to me a marvelous instrument. Many hours of patient, careful work went into its making, and now many interesting hours are spent before it, listening through its receivers; for this is an instrument made to receive wireless messages. I am not skilled to read the signals, but it thrills me to hear those sounds and to know that I am in communication with a mind perhaps miles and miles away. Sometimes when I have listened the sounds were confused and blurred, and I was told I heard the boys around the city talking over the last basket ball game or some other boys' gossip. At other times I have caught the signals clear and distinct and have learned it was the station at Arlington, Va., sending out the weather report, or the time, or perhaps some government message. Again, it was a message of joy or sorrow going out after a traveler leaving home, or a message announcing the longed-for return of a wanderer homeward bound. Once or twice I have heard a clear, bell-like call, which seemed to come from a vast distance, and this, I was told, had crossed the great waters. When I asked why the sounds were sometimes clear and sometimes confused, and how it was possible to catch just the message one wished to intercept, I was told that each sending station has its own vibration or pitch, and that hidden away in the case before me is a tuning coil, by means of which the instrument is put in tune with the station from which the expected message is coming. By the use of this tuning coil all other sounds pass by unheard, and the one call comes clear and distinct.

Each one of us is constantly receiving messages from far and near, and, whether we will or not, each one of us is transmitting messages to those with whom we come in contact. What sort of messages are we giving them? Are they messages of petty irritation and criticism, calls to idle pleasure and trivial gossip, or are they messages of hope and love and cheer, and calls to high service?

Those of us to whom this article comes must especially face this question, for we are not only women of the church, we are women *pledged to the missionary work of our church.*

For two thousand years the call has sounded, "Go ye into all the world"; and again: "Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep." For the last fifty years an especial call has been coming to the women of the Congregational Church. It is the call of weary, sad, hopeless women in far lands looking longingly to us for hope and light and life. The call comes now from twenty-five million of these women, and the responsibility for them is ours and ours alone. Working among these millions we have one hundred and twenty-six missionaries, less than three hundred native Bible women, with a few schools and colleges and still fewer hospitals to aid them in their task. While the result accomplished is cause for great joy and thankfulness, yet we must realize that only a beginning has been made. The work on the field will grow just as fast as the workers at home will let it. To do more work there, we need more workers here.

In this last Jubilee year we have been asked to bring twenty-five thousand new members of auxiliaries into our ranks. So far, we have barely reached one third of that number. There are thousands of women in our churches who have never joined in this world-wide work. We have the call of God, we have the urgent call of a great need. All around us are those who should hear the message, whose help we need. Can it be that we ourselves are not "in tune"? Are we, the members of our Woman's Board, transmitting this call to the women of our churches who have not heard it? Are we giving the message to the young women we know, who are fitted to go out and help on the field? Is the message we give clear and strong, or is it so blurred and confused that it never reaches those for whom it was meant?

Where shall we find a "tuning coil" by means of which we shall be put "in tune" with the call of God and with the call of the need? God has given us the wonderful "tuning coil" of *prayer*. With it we can touch God Himself and can be so attuned to His great purposes that we shall transmit His messages even as He sends them. Only as we use this wonderful "tuning coil" of prayer constantly, faithfully and conscientiously will our lives so vibrate to the pitch of God's call and to the signal of need coming from our sisters far away, that the message cannot fail to reach those who so much need it and whose help we so sorely need.

Africa As a Subject of Mission Study

By Cornelius H. Patton, D.D.

Dr. Patton's knowledge of Africa as a mission field and his deep interest in the problems confronting the Christian Church in relation to that continent make it especially fitting that he should present this initial article in the series to accompany the study of *An African Trail*. His new book, *The Lure of Africa*, just issued by the Missionary Education Movement, will be of great value in next year's study.—*The Editor*.



TO the person who entertains a doubt as to the rapid spread of the Christian religion or as to the power of the Christian gospel to win the pagan world, I recommend a study of the results of mission work in Africa during the past forty years. Four decades ago there was not a Christian in the entire lake region of Central Africa. To-day in Uganda alone the Christian population numbers 374,000, and is growing with such rapidity that it is difficult to keep up with the figures. For several years now the Christians of Uganda have outnumbered the heathen population.

There are approximately 30,000,000 people in the Congo Basin. In 1880 there was not a Christian among them—only pagans and cannibals. To-day the gospel is preached in twenty-five languages and ten societies are at work. A single denomination (the Baptist) enrolls a church membership of 10,000.

When the French army recently penetrated to the interior of the Kamerun country, they were surprised to find a native church of large proportions, the result of the work of the Presbyterian missionaries. The mass movements toward Christianity in this region are astonishing the religious world. We are told of a Sabbath congregation at Elat of 5,000 persons, and of 8,000 church members attending a single communion service. In this field hundreds are confessing Christ every month, and it is no unusual thing for a church to have a waiting list of over 1,000 applicants. As Miss Jean Mackenzie expresses it in her *Black Sheep*, "The forest tribes and the tribes by the sea are crowding into the tribe of God."



Into the Tribe of God
Chisamba, West Africa

The study of Africa as a field of Christian enterprise should be a great stimulus to our Christian faith. It should give us a new certitude as to the ultimate prevalence of Christianity over the earth. Perhaps more than any other continent Africa is valuable as a demonstration of the success of the missionary movement.

Africa is also a demonstration of the value to backward races of an enlightened colonial policy on the part of certain European governments. England has many sins laid to her account in connection with her treatment of her African subjects. The ruthlessness of the Ashanti War in 1900, the stupidity and injustice of the policy which led to the Zulu uprising in 1906, and the barbarous methods which were employed in putting down this rebellion, are sad blots upon a governmental record which, for the most part, has been enlightened and humane. In Egypt, in the Sudan, in Sierra Leone, in Nyassaland, in Nigeria and in Rhodesia the British people may well be proud of the achievement of their government, and the natives may well rejoice that they are wards of this Christian and missionary power. The genius for colonization which the British possess in such a marked degree is strikingly set forth in the poem "Kitchener's School," in which Rudyard Kipling describes how, after annihilating the army of

the Khalifa and destroying the tomb of the Mardi, Kitchener started for England to raise funds for the building of the General Gordon College at Khartum:—

“He said:—‘Go safely, being abased. I have accomplished my vow.’
That was the mercy of Kitchener. Cometh his madness now!
He does not desire as ye desire, nor devise as ye devise:
He is preparing a second host—an army to make you wise.

Not at the mouth of his clean-lipped guns shall ye learn his name again,
But letter by letter, from Kaf to Kaf, at the mouth of his chosen men.
He has gone back to his own city, not seeking presents or bribes,
But openly asking the English for money to buy you Hakims and scribes.

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have no right to live,
He begs for money to bring you learning—and all the English give.
It is their treasure—it is their pleasure—thus are their hearts inclined,
For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mankind!

They do not consider the Meaning of Things; they consult not creed nor clan.
Behold, they clap the slave on the back, and behold, he ariseth a man!
They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school.”

To France also belongs not a little credit for the way in which she has handled the intricate problems of colonization in North Africa and the western Sudan. Would that a similar statement could be made as to her treatment of the natives in French Equatorial Africa on the Congo, where atrocities in connection with the rubber traffic nearly equalled those for which King Leopold of Belgium was responsible.

It was Gambetta who first realized the importance of the discoveries made by Henry M. Stanley in the seventies, especially the opening up of the Congo Basin. When Stanley visited Paris after his great voyage down the Congo, Gambetta made a little speech to the explorer in which he intimated that his work would prove to have important bearings not only upon the welfare of the African natives, but also upon governmental policy in Europe. When we consider the bearing of the French occupation of Morocco upon the present war, Gambetta's words appear to be almost prophetic. For the clear understanding of the African nature, what Dan Crawford has called “thinking black,” the French officials stand without peers. Their knowledge of the African heart and their ability to win the

affections of the people have proved of immense advantage in all their colonial undertakings. If the people of France rise to their opportunity when peace is proclaimed, they will become second only to Great Britain as a civilizing power in the African wilds. Africa is a continent of colonies, and it is here we find our best opportunity for studying the contacts of civilizations with barbarism.

Furthermore, Africa is the land of mystery and romance. Think of the exciting stories of the great explorers, like Livingstone, Grant, Stanley, Grenfell and Du Chaillu! Think of the mighty hunters who followed in the train of the explorers, such men as Roosevelt, Edward Stanley White and Dr. Rainsford! What thrilling books they have written, and what amazing creatures they have placed in our museums! The literary people have not been slow to seize upon Africa as a background for some of their best stories. I remember seeing once a literary map of Africa, in which the names of writers were printed across the regions they had described in their stories. There was scarcely a section of the continent which was not labelled with the name of a well-known author. We recall at once Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*; H. Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*; Olive Schreiner's *The Story of an African Farm*; Robert Hichens'



A Class of Zulu Nurses
Trained under Dr. McCord at Durban, South Africa

Garden of Allah; and Richard Dehan's *One Braver Thing*. The list might be greatly extended.

The supreme interest in Africa, however, arises from the struggle between the forces of Christianity and those of Islam for the mastery of the pagan tribes. Within a comparatively short time it is to be settled whether the 100,000,000 pagans of Africa are to become Christian or Mohammedan. The signs of a breaking up of heathen custom and belief are manifold, and it is inconceivable that they should remain

in their present state. Who dares prophesy as to what shall be the resultant system? Mohammedan trader-missionaries are exceedingly active throughout the Sudan and down the two coasts. Already they claim 40,000,000 followers of the Prophet. Tribe after tribe is going over to their banner. Not a few government officials and travelers are taking it for granted that Africa is to be Mohammedan, and there are some who contend that it would be better so. The situation has become so critical that it is beginning to attract the attention of the Christian people of Europe and America. Perhaps no missionary problem is more to the front than the future of Africa, in view of the rapid advance of Islam. Shall we accept the challenge, or shall the Church sleep while Africa is made a prey to this anti-Christian faith?

When it comes to making mission study interesting, Africa stands in a unique position. With such a background of missionary, historical, literary and romantic allusions, with such issues at stake, the mission study classes next year should be as lively as they are inspiring. I bespeak a great year in this department of church work.



Printing the Bible in West Africa
Note Bicycle Power

Lottie: A Study in Black

By Edithe M. Conn, Adams, South Africa

SHE was as black a Zulu girl as ever I saw. Her face did not have a particularly good expression,—it was somewhat heavy and at first very unhappy with homesickness. She was not especially responsive, but plodded along heavily and rather indifferently. She was a general failure the first year. Was she a Christian? No, she did not know what it meant. Did she wish to be a teacher? No, she was sent by her father to school. Did she wish to learn what it meant to be a Christian? No, not very badly,—she did not much care. The second year she came back to us in much the same spirit and fell in among the friends of the previous year,

but influences for good surrounded her. She began to attend the voluntary prayer meetings among the girls. Gradually a change came over her face; it livened up. Her step became more brisk. Her soul began to expand, and soon Lottie was leading a meeting, and she had given her heart to Jesus.

During that second year of Lottie's, one of our choice spirits gave herself in response to a call for volunteers to go to Rhodesia. Lottie wept over her and



First Students at Adams to go as Teachers to
Mt. Silinda

prayed over her. They were much together. In the vacation, Lottie walked six miles to the station to see her friend as she passed through on her way to Rhodesia,—a twelve-mile walk to see a friend for the

space of time that a train stands at a little wayside station! Lottie's third year found her a leader in Christian work, in making dormitories happy, in little acts of service, a tower of strength to the teachers, absolutely dependable.

Needy Rhodesia called again and Lottie was not long in answering the call. She wrote a beautiful letter to her parents thanking them for giving their consent to such a long journey from home and kindred, saying that she knew the Lord would be there and would never fail her. So she has gone a two weeks' journey by rail from her own people and thence into the open veldt for many miles, where the natives are needing all that a young, consecrated and educated teacher can bring to them. She has gone to help save girls from marriage to old men with many wives, to bring them hope because of a Saviour who died for them. She has gone to help the children to cleanliness and godliness and happiness. She has gone to help mothers to learn to sew and to cook and to show them Christ's way of loving the little children.

Is it worth while to train such girls? Is it? There is but one answer.

A Word from Madura Hospital

"There is no special news to write about the hospital. The masons are working on the coping-stones—if that is what one calls them—of the foundations of the surgical and maternity blocks. The filling-in has cleared the site of the medical block and they are measuring it off, though no digging has begun yet. Probably it is hard to get common coolies just now. The harvest has precedence of everything. Of course, with a new hospital so near, we are not wasting money in repairing the old. Have I told you that the railing of the upper veranda is tied to the posts behind it (upstairs) to make sure that it does not go down when some one leans on it? Also the doors and windows which always shook themselves loose in the monsoon are doing it in the mild breezes of this season."

Dr. Parker writes also that during 1916 there have been 1,081 in-patients and 13,749 out-patients; total treatments, 47,823. Of this number 193 were maternity cases, requiring 93 obstetrical operations. Total operations, 1,407.

A Day at the Davis Memorial Kindergarten:

A VISIT OF FACT AND FANCY

By Irene LaW. Dornblaser, Foochow



THE Old Missionary was about to leave on furlough and the New Lady was looking on in all-absorbing interest at the truly American whirl of preparation and excitement in this strange land where time had seemed no factor at all. The departing one had finally closed up her work. She had been feasted and “farewelled” and laden with gifts from feather flowers in a glass bowl, through the long list of scrolls, to white mice in a cage; and amid the last reluctant good-byes, the

packing was being finished,—every member of that jolly little household doing her part.

“I think we can make it,” said one of the group, “if that boat doesn’t sail before Tuesday. What is the latest news from the office?”

“There on my desk is the reply.” The questioner paused to read it. “We cannot tell yet when the boat will sail,” she read. “When did you get this?”

“By yesterday’s messenger. He hasn’t come yet to-day. There he is now. It will probably be Tuesday, for the steamer came in yesterday,—though it *might* be Monday. I wonder whether I could make it if it did?”

A moment later, she returned with the open “chit” in her hand, and tragedy written all over her face. “Steamer closes to-morrow at dawn,” it read. “That means I have to leave to-night! Girls, I can’t do it, can I? Do you suppose we could?”

Frantically they all worked amid much merriment, the while the Old Missionary divided her attention between trunks and callers. The New Lady dropped one unobserved homesick tear into the box she was helping to pack, as she thought of the land it soon would see where she would so love to be herself that very minute. Then,

startled at the sight of the tear, she cast about in her mind for something brave to say and came forth with a careless:—

“Why try it anyway? Why not wait over one more steamer? Take it easy. There are lots of last things you’ll not get done, if you don’t.”

“I know it! I’ve been thinking that very thing. I’d especially like to have time to see a little more of the work other people are doing here before I go home and am asked about it. There are places right in this Mission where I have never had time to go, unless I had skipped some of my classes to do it. I’ve always wanted to see that cunning kindergarten of Mrs. C.’s. Our own best students are the product of that kindergarten, and I really am ashamed that I never have visited it. As a member of the Kindergarten Training School Board, too, I’ll be sure to be asked about all sorts of kindergarten work. At that distance from us, people won’t realize that the Training School deals with grown-ups and that we busy Board members never see the kindergartens proper! And they are much the more interesting part anyway. They are the real thing! I declare, I’m going to do it. I’m going to wait for the next steamer just for the express purpose of visiting that kindergarten. Positively the only thing I know about it now is that it costs \$150 gold to run it, aside from land and buildings. But who would be interested in helping to support work if he doesn’t know what is being done? Who will go with me?”

Everybody suggested the New Lady, for, as they explained, “she ought to see everything now while she has the time, or the first thing she knows, she’ll be tied down to her own work and then it will be too late.” The New Lady thought she ought to remain at her language study, but the majority opinion prevailed, and Monday morning found the Old Missionary and the New Lady seated in their sedan chairs bobbing along the street toward the kindergarten.

Children! They did not need to go anywhere to see children, thought the New Lady. Thousands of them! Literally thousands everywhere, filling the streets, thronging the doorsteps, tumbling over the graves! But what wretched little souls they were! How unutterably dirty!

“I wonder,” mused the New Lady, “whether one could learn to

think they were sweet and cute if she could forget how filthy they are?"

"Let's walk," she called to the Old Missionary. "I need exercise and I want to ask you scores of questions."

"All right, if you think you are equal to it in these streets," was the reply.

The New Lady looked about her. It was pretty bad. The street was like an alley at home only thronged with people, most of them very dirty, and many of them horribly diseased. Besides, the odors seemed even more stifling down at this level than they had a foot higher in the sedan.

"I'll die if I don't get some exercise somehow," she protested, "though I admit I'd like to throw open the windows and let in the fresh air and sunshine. Poor little tots! Think of them! Never breathing anything else than this vile air! How *do* they live?"

"I often wonder," said the Old Missionary. "The death-rate is enormous. Oh, how it makes one long to send every one of them to the fresh air farm! Don't you wish you could get them into real American 'country'?"

"They'd open their eyes as much at that as Americans would to see what the Chinese call 'country,' wouldn't they?" replied the New Lady. "Did you ever see such a travesty on the name? What *do* you do for them? What can you do for such as these?" She looked as she spoke into the dark interior of a small native house. Seven children were there and ten chickens, two pigs beside the little ones, and a dog. A bed stood at one side and a man lay on it. Back in the gloom at the rear sat a heathen-faced woman on a backless stool, her tiny bound feet resting on the mud floor. Several of the children were rolling around on this floor and the rest stood listlessly watching the passersby.

"Don't they ever play?" asked the New Lady.

"Seldom. They don't seem to know how,—at least not to play as American children do. They tumble over each other and tussle and gamble in imitation of their elders, but not much else,—except flying kites. That's one sport that they enjoy. But most of them do the work of grown people from the time they are able to walk, and they never learn to do anything else."



Some of the Tots

"Foreign devils! Foreign old hags!" shouted a boy, and then scurried to a safe distance.

"That's one of their games," smiled the Old Missionary sadly, "taunting the foreigners. You can see this is a section as yet scarcely touched by our work. You'll see the difference probably as we approach the neighborhood of the kindergarten."

She did see. Ten minutes later a group of tiny ones called to them. "Teacher-aunt, peace! Teacher-aunt, peace!" They looked no different from the other children they had passed, but none shouted "foreign devil" and none ran terrified away at their approach.

"These must be children who are used to seeing the missionary pass by," hazarded the New Lady, and her theory was at the same moment vindicated by the delighted shout of a laughing-faced albeit very dirty little kiddie who called "Mrs. C." (the kindergarten teacher) "Peace. May I go to your school? I want to go too."

At the sound of his shout a little girl of more than kindergarten age appeared in her doorway. She was remarkably neat and clean. So was the house to which she belonged. Even the street seemed to

take on a cleaner appearance as they advanced, and many of the houses showed marked improvement.

The chair-bearers stopped and put down their sedans. "This is the place," they announced, as they pounded on the gate in the continuous "pat-pat-pat, pat-pat-pat," indicative of a Chinese arrival. The gate was thrown open by a pleasant faced, intelligent looking woman.

"Teacher-aunt, peace, peace! Invite enter. Very happy see teacher-aunt's face. Invite enter!" It was like a little oasis, that tiny compound, neat and tidy, and even with plants blooming in pots along the paths that led to the building. A little native house it was, cleansed and painted in a light color, and there, as they turned the corner was the circle-room, large and airy and cool and pretty, with a ring of perfectly bewitching Chinese little people seated on tiny chairs. The New Lady marvelled now that she had ever wondered whether they would be cute if they were clean.

"I never saw anything so cunning in my life!" she said to the Old Missionary, as the latter smiled a delighted greeting to the organist and two of the assistant teachers. "Three of our College girls," she explained, "and so, you know, is the head teacher, though she was before my time."

The head teacher was telling a story and the little faces were alert and full of interest.

"Little-Angel," she said, "what do you suppose the wolf said to the little pig that time?"

"I know!" answered a chorus of eager little voices.

"Golden-Hairpin, you may tell."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff
And I'll blow your house in!"

answered the delighted little Golden-Hairpin.

"Exactly right!" said the head teacher. "And now, before we go on, you see we have guests." Instantly every little tot was on its feet, bowing and clasping its hands to its forehead while the organist sounded a chord and they sang the Chinese version of "Good-morning to you."

When the story was concluded, Not-Wanted and Little Pig wanted

to act it out. Everlasting-Illustriousness volunteered to be the wolf and Obtain-the-Treasure was chosen for the clever pig, while Empty-Treasure and Snow-Gold took minor parts of their own choosing. So skillfully did they enact it, that the New Lady found it hard to believe it was impromptu; but she had yet to learn what born actors Chinese boys and girls are. One or two Bible stories were dramatized for her benefit. In the midst of the story of Joseph, Heavenly-Ability, who was taking the part of that character, suddenly turned upon Pharaoh with the question, "Have we enough chopsticks to last?" and again with the remark, "If the true God of Heaven saves Pharaoh from starving, Pharaoh must never again worship the god of the fields or the kitchen god. Pharaoh had better throw them out right away. Here, give them to me!" and he made a great show of destroying the idols.

The visitors were pleased to see the beginnings of Montessori sets, and quite a good initial equipment in other lines of apparatus, and to note the up-to-date methods used. True, things were rather primitive in many respects, but it was very evident that the short



Kindergarten Plays in a Borrowed Playground

comings were due to lack of funds and workers rather than to poor training or deficiency in spirit. The greatest hindrance was the utter absence of an outdoor play-ground; but the teachers smiled optimistically and said they were sure their American friends would provide one some day. Still, they added wistfully, "They surely would be quicker if they could see for themselves."

The Old Missionary went home feeling that she had new furlough material and the New Lady with an exultant sense of having caught a glimpse that day of the rock-bottom beginnings of the complete ultimate transformation of the Chinese people. The day with the kiddies had been worth while if it did mean a later steamer.

Wai Visited

LAST night I read the Acts of the Apostles continued, or, in other words, that part of the Annual Report of the Marathi Mission which concerns "Phoebe, our sister, minister of the Church at Cenchrea," I mean *Mrs. Sibley*, in charge of preachers and Bible women at Wai (India), mother to many orphans and young widows, and saint at large.

Let us try to visualize Wai with its countless heathen temples, its sacred river, and the background of blue mountains. Here is one of the preachers. (There are four of them besides Mr. Gaikwad, ordained pastor of the Wai church of ninety-nine members, average Sunday attendance 150.) This preacher is the superintendent of the church Sunday school. I do not know his name but we will call him Timothy, sure that he is a true son in the faith. He has just been off for a month to a summer school for teacher training which he feels has "resulted in great spiritual good to himself and helpfulness to his work. The Sunday school has improved through his use of new methods." Mrs. Sibley says these preachers "have seized with zeal and efficiency the many opportunities with which the year has been unusually rich." It seems an easy matter now to get a hearing on the highways. The Bible women, too, after "working all day long in the villages, come home with beaming faces, and no hint of weariness." They do so love to tell the story.

The church is self-supporting and working hard to raise money out of their poverty for a church building, the site being already secured. They give pledges in monthly installments and "are increasingly filled with prayerful desire that many may be won to Christ."

We are pleased to meet two young women recently arrived to enjoy the privilege of the Abbott Home for Widows. Put yourself in the

place of a young widow in an ordinary household in India, and think what this opportunity means to these women.



A Woman of Wai

Miss Gordon has nine schools under her care besides the station schools which attract some of the best scholars from the villages, and is to have a new building. These schools have Sunday sessions and there are two Sunday schools in addition with a total of 488 under instruction. In one school (Aditwar) there are several Mohammedan girls, for whom an Urdu master has been engaged, so

that they may be taught in their own language as well as in the Marathi.

Miss Gordon will take us to call on a village teacher whose home is a center of helpfulness. A neighbor comes in and says: "I hope you are not thinking of removing this family. We have grown very fond of them. They help us in so many ways." In a family quarrel, Brahmans of both sides came to this teacher seeking counsel, and although the case went to court, it was withdrawn and settled, as the teacher was able to conciliate all concerned. Such cases are frequent. In another village, a government officer, who cannot read, comes to our teachers to have his letters read to him, and his official entries made! It seems quite like home to find meetings for school teachers under the charge of the Government Inspector in which improved methods are discussed and demonstrated (our schools receive aid from government if they pass certain requirements).

Priscilla and Aquilla have visited Wai under the names of Mr.

and Mrs. Annett, who have given "most helpful lectures on Bible instruction. Missionaries and Indian fellow-workers alike have received great practical and spiritual help. These lectures are rich in suggestion as to how to win young and old through the Word of God. Great emphasis is laid upon Spirit-filled teachers and preachers."

St. Luke, the beloved physician, is represented by Dr. and Mrs. Beals, both M.D.'s and both also beloved. We doubt whether St. Luke had as fine a showing as the Doctors Beals, but Dr. Luke had neither hospital nor dispensary.

Sixteen thousand seven hundred and forty-four patients were treated in the year of the last report. Some of them came a thousand miles for treatment. "Members of the highest caste have been willing to occupy the same ward with patients from the very lowest caste, with beds so close together that a patient could hardly stretch his arm at one side, to full length, without touching his neighbor." Services are held at the hospital with as many as seventy-five in attendance, including friends of the patients. Thus the Gospel influence of our medical work goes far and wide.

—*Courtesy of New Haven Branch.*

A Labor of Love at Alice House, Ahmednagar

In and soon after the awful famine of 1900–1901, 224 famine girls came into the care of Mrs. Hume. An excellent two-storied building for this large family of girls was supplied by Mrs. W. H. Haile, of Springfield, Mass., and others, and is called "The Alice House" in memory of a sister of Mrs. Haile. It has been a long but satisfying service of thought and love to care for the physical, mental and spiritual welfare of 224 famine girls, in addition to many other missionary activities. Under God's blessing the pains taken for those young people, who came in deteriorated physical condition, only very few died while in this Home. No one was ever sent away. Only two ran away and that was through fear of being inoculated against plague. Very few were removed by relatives.

Every single girl received a vernacular education. About one half also received a fair English education. Every one was trained

in cooking, sewing and domestic duties. A goodly number have had training as teachers and nurses, and have borne themselves creditably in those useful occupations. Almost all the girls and all who remained in the Alice House till they were married or till they went into some useful calling entered into covenant with the church. Some of them had a real Christian experience. The very great majority have been married and are living in homes of their own. Now at the close of 1916 only four girls remain in the Alice House out of the 224 who have had the truly material care which has been lavished on them.

Mrs. Hume thanks her Father for the privilege of having been enabled to do this service for these Indian daughters of His. She also thanks many American friends who have generously sent gifts for the support of this institution and of its large and interesting family. Especial gratitude is due to Miss Emily Wheeler, who has been indefatigable in securing and forwarding gifts for the support of many girls; also to the *Christian Herald* of New York and some of its generous readers. As a financial marvel it should be recorded that for sixteen years every expense for this fine institution and for its 224 girls has been met without one dollar from the regular treasury of the Mission Board.

The Alice House now becomes the excellent headquarters of the Ahmednagar training school for Bible women. But so long as Mrs. Hume is in India any former Alice House girl who may ever need a temporary home will receive a daughter's welcome to a part of its shelter.—*Dr. R. A. Hume.*

When Christ's life on earth was completed He vanished from sight. He left a life and eleven trained men who had absorbed something of His spirit and were to give out and pass on that life to others. Two of those men wrote what we call the Gospel according to St. Matthew and the Gospel according to St. John. But there was a gospel according to Philip and a gospel according to Andrew and a gospel according to the other seven. From that day to this there has been a gospel according to each and every Christian. Each one of us is giving out and passing on the gospel. What is the gospel according to us?—*Caroline H. Adam.*

Board of the Pacific

President, MRS. R. B. CHERINGTON

Editor, MRS. E. R. WAGNER

Headquarters, 417 Market Street, San Francisco

Miss Mary F. Denton arrived in San Francisco, March 11, and immediately began a most strenuous furlough, judging from the number of times she spoke in the first three days. Monday she addressed the Ministers' Club in regard to the Doshisha, and Wednesday evening she spoke to the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

Arrival of
Miss Denton.

Miss Jillson writes from the Bible House, Constantinople, "So many times I have started to write to you, but since last March so little mail has come and gone, that I have been discouraged and have written to no one. I am still in Constantinople, and it seems very strange not to be in school. I am very busy with Red Cross work. We are not many but we manage to find plenty to do. We are working much as we did in Brousa four years ago. We are making some very sensible and serviceable dress materials; and we find many people who are glad to receive them. If I ever get a chance to come home, I shall want to bring some of the things to show you. . . . Please give my kind regards to all the good friends who think of us here.

Busy in
Constantinople.

At Brousa at last accounts there were thirty-four boarders; and Miss Sherman was to assist Miss Allen and Miss Parsons.

Going to Church in Lintsing

As I sat in church, yesterday morning, I could but wish that my American friends could see the audience from my advantageous point of view—a seat at right angles to the body of the church.

There were probably two hundred present but, unlike the homeland, more men than women. The garments worn were certainly varied. An elderly man a pew away wore a purple sleeveless coat. The student class all had long gowns varying in color from white to black. The women wore their accepted dress of blouse and loose-fitting trousers—these also of many colors. In summer the small boys wear only the garments Mother Nature gave them. One of our missionaries, having grown too stout for a pair of pajamas which

were still good, asked his wife to give them to some needy person. The wife passed them over to the mother of a deserving family, with the remark that she might use them as she thought best. What was their amazement the next Sunday to see the woman herself appear in church clad in them alone, and walk up the aisle bowing and smiling to her acquaintances with the confidence born of assurance that she was for once well dressed.

Far different from that was the group of twenty-five girls from the Boarding School, and the twenty boys from their school. The preacher, a visiting evangelist, was dressed in a black gown with white trousers and made a very graceful figure. When preaching, he waved a small fan with his right hand, and gestured with the left. He travels on foot from place to place, asking only his entertainment and an offering. Though unlearned in the schools, and with many crude ideas, he is a man with considerable power. The Chinese delight in contrasts. He preached three sermons on the Josephs of the Bible: Joseph of the second chapter of Matthew, who was poor; Joseph of Arimathea, who was rich; and Joseph of the Old Testament, who was first poor then rich. The Chinese will talk about these sermons for a long time. His sermons were never less than one hour and a half long, but they listened with delight. How they do like to sing! Miss Long has a choir of six young men who help out with the music.

Outside station work is carried on at six centers, some six and some forty miles away. These are all branches of the Lintsing church, and send delegates to the quarterly church meeting. They are assisted a little from the main church treasury, which is largely filled from America, as the people are generally too poor to give much.

THE BIG MEETING

A Mission Station consists not only of the residences of the workers, the mission schools, hospital, and church; but also of many out-stations over a region from fifty to a hundred miles square, each ministered to by a local pastor or a Bible woman. It is the duty of one of the resident missionaries to circulate among these various stations, preaching and visiting and advising in all things temporal and spiritual.

Twice each year, each of these out-stations is represented by two delegates at the Big Meeting held for three days in the mother church. This meeting is preceded by station classes, one for men, and one for women who for a month study the "doctrine" as it is taught in the Bible and in some simple catechism. No one is received into the church either into full membership or on probation, who has not had a regular course in the station class preceding the Communion which is held at the time of the annual meeting.

The large gathering last autumn was an inspiring time. Sunday was the great day of the feast, every seat in the large church being taken and extra seating for at least fifty more being brought in. The sermon was preached by the pastor of the home church, an effective address upon the healing of the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda; and a feature of the service was the rendering of two special songs, one by six boys from the Boys' School, and the other a sextet by young men.

At half-past two came the communion service with the reception of new members and baptism. First came the reading of the names of those wishing to become members next spring at the Big Meeting to be held then. There were about twenty-four, one third being women. They all promised to study "the doctrine" faithfully and to pray and follow the teachings of Jesus. Then came the receiving of those who had been faithful during the past six months, twelve in number, four women and eight men, all of whom were baptized. This was followed by the communion at which sixty women and one hundred and twenty-six men partook of the elements which were administered by the foreign pastor and myself. As I sat there, I could but think of the miracle of grace. Here were 168 communicants, representing at least 400 others, twenty of them being pastors or Bible women giving the whole of their time teaching the word, while thirty years ago there was not one Christian here, and sixteen years ago the Boxer outbreak threatened complete destruction and ushered in seven years of desolation before the rebuilding.

The live church is the one that takes a missionary attitude toward the community in which it is located, the nation whose flag it loves, and the wide world for which its Lord and Master lived, died, and lives for evermore.—*Allan A. Stockdale.*

Dedication of Elizabeth Memorial Hospital

Lintsing, China

This great event marked the consummation of five years of gathering of funds and the preparing of plans which have worked out most satisfactorily. The Memorial Hospital is a double building, the north half being for men and the south for women; so every room is in duplicate excepting the operating and sterilizing rooms, the laboratory and drug room. In appearance it is most attractive, and has won the admiration of every one who has seen it. It is of an enlarged bungalow style, only the central portion rising to a second story. It is 128 feet long, and has a total width of 64 feet, with basement containing laundry, storage, drug room and storeroom. All the buildings—there are four others—are of gray brick, giving a very fine effect.

The building described is the main operating and administration building, the gift of Mrs. Charles D. Blaney of Saratoga, Cal., and her two sisters. The other buildings are the Lilla P. Sargent ward, the gift of Mrs. King, also of Saratoga, the isolation ward, also given by Mrs. King, and the men's ward, the gift of the officials and merchants of Lintsing.

The exercises began with services at the church, which was crowded to suffocation, as many standing as sitting. The two main addresses, one by a Chinese pastor of Techow and the other by Rev. A. B. De Haan, were very impressive. Following these were addresses by government officials, which being semi-political were received with cheers.

From the church the people gathered at the hospital buildings, and in turn after the manner of the "pilgrimage" at the campus of the University of California, when the senior class bids farewell to the various buildings, we went from building to building until each of the five had been visited. At each a brief address was made, a dedicatory song was sung and a prayer offered.

It certainly was a great day in the history of missions at Lintsing. One man expressed the sentiments of many when he said, "It surely is very beautiful; now I must hurry up and get sick so that I can come here again!" These people feel that the Christians are doing more for them than is anyone else.

Our Field Correspondents

Mrs. Amy Bridgman Cowles writes from Umzumbe, South Africa:—

We have here in our Umzumbe Home, a convert of Quanda's (a Zulu pastor), a girl, whose father, for the sake of the ten head of cattle he would receive, was forcing his daughter to marry a deaf and dumb man. Over and over again Selina had been beaten by her father, many times she had slept in the bushes, rather than come home to face her father's wrath. Finally, he had Selina's ears bored to keep her as heathenish as possible. Then the girl ran away to us, and Quanda told me that with everything to drag her down, Selina had kept herself pure for Christ's sake. Such stories make us want to sing the Doxology, and we are glad to have the great privilege of helping to furnish a way of escape for such as these. Selina is with us these vacation days, for she did not dare to go home. Her father was planning to tie her up, hands and feet, and carry her bodily to her lover, and marry her to him by force, and all that he might not lose his ten cows. Selina, a tall, dignified girl,—how little we know what it has cost her to be a Christian. It was converts like Selina who in some wonderful meetings held here last week stood up and told marvelous stories of their conversion. Those seventeen converts from the wilds, so recently "red-heads" or clay bedecked, were rather amazingly dressed.

Nevertheless, several times, during the meetings, an educated teacher or some one of our girls here, was kneeling at the feet of those Dweshulaites, and being prayed for, oh, so earnestly by those raw converts from the kraals. The meetings were hours long, but they did not grow wearisome, except to the flesh. It was sweet to be alone with our Zulu friends at such a time, our family the only white folks in that church full of black folks. Outside, the dark, and the African night sounds, and the great loneliness, stretching away and away to our dear ones on the other side of the world. Inside the church, that fine company of Zulus, and souls were being born into heaven. The sole human agencies of this wonderful work were the hunchback Quanda, the white-headed veteran Zana, and that little company of converts.

To our great joy many of our girls took a stand for Christ during

these meetings. The term closed with every one of our sixty-eight girls a professing Christian. "Blest be the tie that binds." The girls have been very responsive in Mr. Cowles' Bible class throughout the term, and in my Christian Endeavor meetings on Thursday evenings we have had precious times.

Twice during the term, Mr. Cowles and I took the girls out to a kraal service. These also were wonderful experiences. Our first service was in a chief's kraal. Since the service was to be in a hut, we took only ten girls, not wishing to have our choir crowd out the congregation! About a hundred of us gathered in that hut, the girls sat on mats at our feet, and helped with the singing most beautifully. Women dressed in cowhide kilts, with their hair done up in the usual red clay and grease, made a pretty thick circle on our right, while boys and little children, quite nude, filled in the chinks. On the other side of the low doorway sat the men in dignified array, and all semi-clad. Lastly in came H. R. H., royally covered with a white cotton blanket. This he donned in our honor, in order to cover the apron of tails in which he was really dressed. "Chief Thomas" was exceedingly pleasant and attentive, and at the close of the service sent a feast to us in the shape of a chicken stew, sweet potatoes and bread and tea. All very nice, except the crockery, the cutlery and the little red tablecloth! A description of these luxuries of civilization we will pass over. On reaching home, how I did laugh when I overheard the two young ladies who had accompanied us giving thanks for high doors and a clean tablecloth. I heard afterwards that the women of the kraal spoke of the service as being "like heaven." The sweet singing of our girls was largely accountable for that impresssion. John iii. 16 was Mr. Cowles' text that day. How the one hundred pairs of eyes did look at us, and how they did listen and how our hearts yearned over the fine young ruler. We shall go again to Thomas' kraal.

Another Sunday we took forty of our girls and climbed to the top of one of our surrounding mountains (Mr. Cowles and I on horseback, of course), where we held a service out in the open. The girls sat with us upon a big flat rock, while our congregation sat on the dry grass in front of us. Here again there were about one hundred of us in all, and we did have a beautiful time together. About half

of this little company were heathen. For twenty years those people have held services up there on that rock. Neither the floods of rain, which descended in torrents at times, nor the blaze of the noon-day sun, have been discomforts sufficient to kill that work. We do marvel at the steadfastness of some of our people. A Christian woman, whom some of our people laughingly call the "Deacon of Etyeni," has been the heart and soul of that work. "Faithful unto death" is her watchword. This same woman the day we were there mustered the people by blowing on a huge cow's-horn. This fine center of work is in danger of growing faint-hearted because the people there have waited and asked so long for help in building a church. Their pleading was too much for Mr. Cowles and me and we promised them on faith a little sod church, and now on faith we are having a man go ahead and cut the sods. The people are to cut the grass for the roof and to pound the earth floors, and help in what ways they can, but even then the church will cost a hundred dollars. Nevertheless, that is one of the must-bes. When it is finally finished that little church (and schoolhouse, as it will be) will be the reward of those dear people who for all these twenty years have held services on that great rock, where there is not one leaf for shade or shelter.

Miss Bertha P. Reed writes from Peking:—

We found the Week of Evangelism very helpful here, recently. The women entered into it finely. Many of them went about every afternoon, in groups of three or four, usually, and told of the gospel in all the houses they could go to. In a number of places a Christian family would invite in the neighbors and a group would be there to talk to them. It was a most helpful experience for the church women and they were very enthusiastic over it. They seemed to meet everywhere with a response of real interest, and realize their opportunities for preaching more than they have before. I hope it means continued work of this kind for them, though they cannot continue taking so much time as they did that week. Some are busy in their homes and quite a number of those who went are busy in the Bible school. Some are keeping up this work on Sundays and I hope that more will.

A Zulu Girl's Ambition

AS REVEALED IN A LETTER FROM A HEATHEN HOME

Friends of Umzumbe Home will be interested in this translation of a letter to Miss Tebbatt, written by a rare girl who is "a bright and shining light in her heathen home." Her plea for help in gaining an education was answered and she is earning her way by working in the school kitchen. The translation was made by Amy Kunene, head native teacher.

ICIBINI SCHOOL, INSUZE POST, UPPER TONGAAT,
June 29, 1916.

Dear Nkosazana,—I humble myself before you and my hand trembles because I know I am not worthy to write to you because I do not know anything and I am born by people who are heathen and yet in a way that I cannot describe God led me out of this sad thing so that I am able to do this scribbling.

I wish to ask you to help me by giving me a place to come and learn, together with my sister who comes after me. We are in trouble and we like to learn but we have no money and we would like to stay on after the school closes and work for our learning. If you are willing, I would thank the Lord Jesus who led me out of the sadness of Egypt. Our parents are not willing to pay for us. They say we must work for ourselves because they do not put on clothes. I do beseech you, Nkosazana, that you may hear us so that we may win daughters for God.

We have heard that we will not be allowed because it is examination term; but we say it does not matter even if we are not examined if we can only be there. Please answer me as soon as you can, friend, so that if we cannot come I can try at another place. But my spirit has always pointed me to Umzumbe. Whether I am sick or whether I am well, wherever I may be, my wish is that the Lord may bless you, Miss Tebbatt. Goodbye. I am the one you do not know.

My name,

GABISILE MNGOMA.

O Thou great Companion of our souls, go Thou with us today and comfort us by the sense of Thy presence. Give us a single eye for duty. Guide us by the voice within. May we take heed of all the judgments of men and gather patiently whatever truth they hold; but teach us still to test them by the words and the spirit of the One who alone is our Master. May we not be so wholly of one mind with the life that now is that the world can wholly approve us, but may we speak the higher truth and live the purer righteousness which Thou hast revealed to us. Amen.—Walter Rauschenbusch (abridged).

The Extra Work of The Missionary

The preaching of the Gospel is not the only work of the foreign missionary, for he has to be doctor, lawyer and almost everything else. The following, from the pen of Anne Swineford, in *The World Outlook*, will give an idea of what is demanded of the missionary, and incidentally shows how the very best workers the Church can produce must be sent into this work. Writing of the missionary, Miss Swineford says:—

“He may not be a physician, but he must look on fearsome maladies and at times himself apply the knife.

“He is not a lawyer, but he must handle all the tangles incident to family life in polygamous countries. Lao Lee comes with his tale of a runaway wife for whom he paid thirty dollars. She is gone, good riddance, but he wants his thirty dollars. A wise old official comes to learn what to do for his son, who is betrothed to a girl now insane, to whom he must be married—unless the missionary can suggest a way of escape.

“He is not a politician, but a committee from the Board of Trade, a most up-to-date Board, comes to learn all the foreign teacher may remember of civic laws in his own homeland. There is a trader from a European country who is putting on the screws for payment of an unfulfilled contract; has the missionary a solution?

“And the woman missionary of the East? Here is a flurried messenger—Madame Isobe is about to commit suicide; will the honorable foreign teacher come quickly to her humble abode and seek to persuade her to the contrary?

“Mrs. Ho in her palace is going mad. Her distinguished husband, to whom she has borne six sons, has brought home a concubine. Miss A. leaves her school and brings her thirty years of American conviction to her support in a half-day interview with Ho’s obdurate reversion to the custom of his forefathers.

“Ten years ago, my scholarly friend, Mr. L., blushed and stammered and made me feel the impropriety of mentioning a woman in his presence when I innocently asked, ‘How is Mrs. L.?’ To-day Mrs. L. accompanies him to my home and sits with him at my board.”

Prayer
at Noontide



Encircling
the Earth

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

A Perplexing Barrier—Inattention

The phrase is borrowed from Mr. Britling's philosophy in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through."

England was face to face with a serious situation she was not prepared to understand. Mr. Britling, visiting London, observes the War Department inattentive to the volunteers who had pressed in from the country. Men, supposedly guardians of the nation's safety, were asleep, while resources they might have used to advantage were wasting about them. "Perplexing," thought the philosopher—such inattention to the real gravity of this crisis—a barrier to efficiency and success. Later on he saw his England move forward into an intelligent comprehension.

I have been thinking of the part played by Inattention in our Missionary Campaign and have come to the fancy that in this case it is a two-sided part.

INATTENTION SKULKS ABOUT WITHIN THE MISSIONARY MEMBERSHIP

I imagine he loves to wheedle us away from high ideals of duty. He is sly, prying and diverting. His favorite method is to buttonhole his victim while he chats of current events and fashions; or, catching a more serious mood of ours, he rises to Woman's Suffrage and Red Cross work. Thus only can he succeed in keeping the members of missionary societies from thinking about the real meaning of membership. Let one but begin to meditate in some such fashion as this: "Since the great war began, the needs and successes of mission fields seem to stand out more clearly than ever, and I fear I have been only a careless, formal member, paying my dues, occasionally—no, semi-occasionally attending a meeting, and leaving it there, not realizing how big"—

"Hey there! Why get so serious? You do as well as most of them—your money helps greatly—you have so much to do at home, you

know, and your social duties and recreation are very necessary—then these important civic problems which are more and more engaging woman's attention, you ought to be active there, while this missionary movement can go along of itself, being older and more established than these very latest things. Come now, take this matter more lightly."

"But this appeal to *Win One Woman*, it does seem a reasonable"—

"Oh, what's the use of just one more! It involves much trouble, a call, perhaps two (for she will probably be out the first time), or a letter, and then you really don't know just what to say to her to make her see the need, because you don't know much about the facts yourself—I wouldn't give my attention to it anyway,—just *one!*"

"Still, every little helps, and if we all took hold in earnest, of course—but then I can't attend to that next week. My Club engagement will detain me from the auxiliary meeting when they present this Win One Campaign, but I will try to see to this card at some future time."

The wily interrupter slips away with a self-satisfied smirk on his face, and tries some fresh allurements on Mrs. B. to keep *her* attention from settling upon missions.

The best way to treat this unwarranted intruder within our membership is to make the same sort of scourge the English War Department make, of three strands, Facts, Figures and Imagination, twisted tight and hard, and beat him off the premises. This kind of a lash hurts Inattention cuttingly. He will never return after such a whipping.

INATTENTION AMONG THE NON-MOBILIZED WOMEN

Here he is the same sly deceiver in another garb. He doffs the soberer garments he considers suitable in the presence of missionary women, and dons a gay doublet. Now he is a sort of Shakesperian clown, mouthing the serious claims of missions upon all Christian women, and turning them out by a play of words so that they are as light as shuttle-cocks to be tossed about.

Women may be serious and may be doing grand service in the world if they *are* inattentive to the call of the world for God? Yes, truly, but followers of Christ—how about following where Christ went?

“Grand” service may broaden out into grandest, having in it the service of satisfying hearts hungry for such a Saviour as Christ and such a God as our Father.

The greatest arraignment of women for inattention is found in the prophecy of Isaiah. Serious times faced the nation. Righteousness, justice and brotherly love must be upheld by all true followers of the God of Israel, in the face of the luxurious living, the greed, oppression and cruelty which were like festering sores on society. Isaiah called loudly and eloquently and other prophets helped. Still we fear the leading women of the day, many of them, must have failed their God and their nation, for there is more than one cry against their carelessness, inattention, vanity and selfishness. Read the long list of interests which kept those women so absorbed that they were deaf to their country’s cry; interests no wider than an embroidered mantle, no deeper than the shimmering depths of the jewels in their bracelets.

Times have changed, women have changed since then, but Inattention, perennial tormentor, is much the same. He loves still to decoy us away from the most serious businesses of life. We lay the blame entirely upon him, that splendid women in our churches have not yet heeded our invitations to join us in the missionary societies.

We are trying with unusual vigor this year to drive our enemy away, first from the membership and then from the women whom the members seek to mobilize for missions. Will *you* join?

M. L. D.

Ways of Working

Our Ammunition

By Marian F. Wilson

This report given by the Secretary of Literature at the annual meeting of the Western Maine Branch in Portland, last January, has in it many helpful hints for other Branches.—*The Editor.*

The Secretary of Literature was appointed at the last annual meeting, and during the year forty-one requests for literature were received and filled. At both the annual meeting in Portland and at the semi-annual meeting at Lewiston there have been tables for literature, and it has been distributed at three Association meetings.

The result of this year's work in distributing literature leads to an even deeper conviction on the part of the Executive Board that our work can be enlarged and our budget increased by more widespread use of these leaflets which your Literature Secretary holds in reserve.

We are told that more money must be raised this coming year, that we must *go forward* financially, all of which means we must each give more or there must be more of us to give. That there should be more of us to give would be much the nicer way, not only because it distributes the load more evenly, but because the enthusiasm of a large number of women, giving and working and praying, behind your Executive Board is a power beyond reckoning. In order that a large number may be interested, and that ultimately every woman in each Congregational church in Western Maine shall be a contributing member to this work, the women of the rural portions must be reached. And in your campaign to interest this woman on the farm two, three, five miles outside your town, you may find the Literature Department of great help to you. These women whom we wish to reach live in those large elm-shaded farmhouses surrounded by fertile fields and large orchards which are such a familiar sight in our Maine landscape. Within these houses is ample living, and presiding over each of these beautiful homesteads of Maine is at least one woman. But she does not find her way to the village church as constantly as did her ancestor who cleared from the forest the fertile fields which now yields his descendants such generous living. To the gateway of even the most isolated farm comes to-day that messenger from the outside world, the rural free delivery postman. Why can't we make him the messenger of missionary news even as the seedmen and the dry goods merchants make him bear their catalogues? Why can't we cry our wares by parcel post even as the big commercial enterprises do? Drifting snowstorms and zero temperature still shut in many an occupant of our hillside farms. If on some of these bleak winter days you should mail a fat envelope of missionary literature, with a picture or two as illustration, to some of these stormbound women I think it would be read. Mail, for instance, a picture of Miss Reed of Peking, with the charming little sketch of her life (published by the

Woman's Board at five cents each). Write on the back of the picture, "This young woman's useful life is possible because the women of Western Maine support her. We want *your* interest." The next week mail her a picture of our missionary to China, Miss Perkins of Foochow, with a typewritten copy of some of her letters, and write on the back of her picture something like this: "This is a young woman from Western Maine who is serving in the trenches of religious work for you and me. She needs your interest and your prayers." Another week mail the delightful literature about Dr. Parker and her wonderful work of healing in India. Perhaps this woman you are trying to interest has her arms full of babies and for that reason can't travel the miles to your missionary meeting. If so, don't fail to send her the pamphlets "Better Babies," or the story of the various kindergarten workers in Japan. Once more "a little child shall lead them." Perhaps this woman was a doctor's daughter, and as a child drove over the hills with her father, bringing healing to broken bodies. Send her "Our Medical Missions in China," and other leaflets bearing on the hospital and dispensary work in other mission stations. Suit your literature to your friend's taste. Study her interests and choose your leaflets accordingly. And when you send your last envelope of literature, after this six or eight weeks' postal campaign, don't fail to enclose a thank offering envelope. Ask her if she wouldn't like to share in this great task with her sisters of Western Maine. Tell her we want her interest and her prayers in this great work but we need her dollars also. If every auxiliary in Western Maine would each interest five new women with a rural free delivery foreign missionary campaign of this sort, two hundred and fifty women would be reached. Two hundred and fifty women intelligently interested would mean many new contributors.

Remember "it pays to advertise"—missions as well as merchandise. The spoken word brings its message only once; the printed word may be read again and again and by many persons. In this great business of winning the world to Christ, do not fail to offer the printed, as well as the spoken word in His name.

Junior Department

LAST YEAR AND NEXT

“Give us more of the same sort,” “the best yet,” “a step in the right direction,” “we shall aim to use your material more fully next year”—these are a few of the many similar comments which the Young People’s Departments of the American and Woman’s Boards have been finding on the questionnaires filled out by purchasers of their joint Sunday school literature for 1916.

As will be remembered by many readers of this page, the Boards worked together last year in preparing a unified scheme for foreign missionary instruction and giving in the Sunday school during the months from September through December. The theme chosen was “Kingdom Building Around the World” and suggestions for the school as a whole were provided, together with suitable story or program material for the various grades—the whole set costing 25 cents. As a part of this scheme of co-operation, schools were asked to divide their foreign missionary offerings equally between the two Boards.

The financial results to the Boards have not yet been analyzed; but that the campaign, wherever it was introduced, accomplished much educationally, the questionnaires bear almost unanimous testimony. And since over nine hundred sets of material were purchased and used, in whole or in part, in nearly that number of schools—many of them schools where experts on religious education uphold a very high standard—this testimony is worthy attention from all Sunday school workers. One school gives its experience as follows:—

“We undertook to use the booklets prepared under the theme of ‘Kingdom Building’ in our four departments—beginners, primary, junior, and the senior which includes classes usually designated as intermediate.

“*They Love Him Too* was used in the two youngest departments. In the beginners’ class the stories were told in simplified form to the little group of twenty children gathered about one table. In the primary department each teacher had a book and read the story. On the following Sunday the points were emphasized by questioning, and it was found that a good deal was grasped by the little people.

The framed picture of Christ with the children of five races* interested them greatly.

"In the junior department one of the teachers told the stories from *Without the Iron Cross* to the whole department. The superintendent chose one of the children to retell each story the next Sunday. This child had a copy during the week in order to refresh his memory, but the telling was unassisted. These boys and girls, under twelve, did this creditably and showed great interest in the subjects.

"*Kingdom Patriots* formed the basis of the work with the older classes and was followed with some variations. The Junior Lookout had decided not to be the lecturer, but to put the work of presentation into the hands of the school—well knowing that even if hearing makes only a temporary impression, for the few who prepare a part, a lasting interest is usually awakened.

"First a class of older girls—girls out of high school, in their first important years as wage earners—was approached. The response was so eager that a choice of volunteers was made by the class itself, and three girls presented the sketch of Miss Miner. Following this, we asked one of our own church members, a well-known pathologist, to speak on present-day opportunities in China. To present the life of Pastor Santiago, a class of high school boys was asked. Boy-like, they did not eagerly volunteer, but they took the leaflets and two of the three came well prepared. In addition, the article on Dr. J. P. Jones in *The Missionary Herald*, which we considered very fine, was read. Three smaller girls gave the sketch of Mrs. Edwards' work in Africa.

"When the fourth biography was due, the personal touch was given first. Dr. Clarence Ussher of Van preached a sermon that even a very young hearer could never wholly forget. We have an unusually large number of children in our morning congregation, so when our superintendent introduced Dr. Ussher in the Sunday school, a thrill of expectancy was evident. Repeating nothing of his sermon, Dr. Ussher gave the boys and girls a further message. The following Sunday, the life of Dr. Reynolds was presented by three little girls—read from the leaflet after preparation. It was stated first that Dr. Reynolds was an associate of Dr. Ussher, and that the Dr. Ussher

*This picture was a part of the set and the stories were in illustration of it.

mentioned was the man whom they had heard the week before. No further word was needed.

“The Christmas Concert program was also used, as prepared, to round out the missionary course; and, though programs given by Sunday school children are not wholly satisfactory, the best parts and those causing most favorable comment were the truly missionary themes. The Christmas Party was also a “giving” exercise, and at each, the concert and the festival, contributions to the A. B. C. F. M. and the W. B. M. were made, with an additional offering to Europe’s suffering children.

“To the question, ‘How do you arouse interest in missionary subjects?’ I answer, ‘I don’t.’ Biography is usually interesting to children; tales of other lands and manners almost always fascinate them; deeds of heroism always thrill them. One finds all three in missionary literature. And when one is fortunate enough to be able to present to the children a living Christian hero—as we could in Dr. Ussher—is there any doubt that Christian missions will become more and more a real interest?”

Most schools are now engaged in presenting home missions, but workers who used the “Kingdom Building” set last year or are interested in the above account of its use, will be glad to know that when the “turn” of foreign missions in the Sunday school comes round again next September, a set of fascinating stories and programs on Africa will be ready. These will be prepared by the joint effort of the Boards and improved by the experience of this past year. Jot down on your calendar now a note which will remind you to send for the free descriptive circular to be ready June 15, or for the material itself, promised for August 1.

Sunday school workers will find the following books by Dr. George H. Trull helpful: *Sunday School Teacher and the Program of Jesus, Missionary Methods for Sunday School Workers, Five Missionary Minutes.*

Our Book Table

Renaissant Latin America. By Harlan P. Beach. Published by The Missionary Education Movement.

Dr. Beach has given us an outline and interpretation of the Congress held on Christian work in Latin America, at Panama, February 10-19, 1916. In his foreword Dr. Beach calls this "an epoch-making Conference, which should mean more for the higher life of Latin America and for the awakening of Christian responsibility for aiding its leaders in National uplift than any other single factor in its social, mental and spiritual regeneration."

The chapter that we naturally turn to first is on "The Upbuilding of Womanhood." Miss Melinda Rankin has the honor of pioneering woman's work in Mexico. As early as 1850 she started a school for Mexican children at Brownsville on the Rio Grande. Her task was that of a teacher and Bible distributor, but under her supervision her pupils established and ministered to fourteen congregations which were taken over later by the Presbyterians.

The Christian Movement in the Japanese Empire. Published for the Conference of Federated Missions, 1916.

The editor-in-chief of this compact, condensed, comprehensive fourteenth annual issue is John Lincoln Dearing, and there are five associate editors. There are ten parts to this volume of 371 papers. Part III deals with missions and churches. The Anglican Group, the Methodist Group and the Presbyterian Group have separate chapters, while there are twenty-two other missions and churches. The book is packed with information and should be owned for reference by every specialist on Japan.

G. H. C.

Note on last cover page library books marked with asterisk, as these cannot be renewed, but should be returned at the end of two weeks. Books on Africa are especially in demand.—*The Editor.*

Woman's Board of Missions

Receipts March 1-31, 1917

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer

Friend, 90; Friend, 1; Friend, 95 cts.,	91 95
MAINE	
<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Bangor, Forest Ave. Ch., Ladies' Aid, 4; Dexter, W. M. S., 8; Sandy Point, W. M. S., 5,	17 00
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 132 Chadwick St., Portland. Alfred, Golden Rule M. B., 4; Andover, C. E. Soc., 5; Auburn, Sixth St. Ch., Ladies' Miss. Club, 14, 20; Harpswell Center, C. E. Soc., 2; Kennebunk, Aux., 5; Norway, C. E. Soc., 5; Portland, High St. Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 26.85, Second Parish Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 35.35; Scarboro, Miss Oliver, 1,	98 40
Total,	115 40
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. W. L. Fickett, Treas., 120 North State St., Concord. Concord, Miss Annie A. McFarland, 100; East Sullivan Ch., Mrs. A. A. Ware, 2; Exeter, Aux., 33,	135 00
MASSACHUSETTS	
Friend,	500 00
<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. Henry A. Smith, Treas., 12 Belmont St., Lowell. Friends, 50; Andover, South Ch., 40.84; Bedford, United Workers (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Chester D. Barnes), 80; Lexington, Aux., 5.50; Lowell, Eliot Ch., Aux., 88.45, First Ch., Prim. and Jr. S.S., 4.50, Kirk St. Ch., Aux. (50 of wh. to const. L. M's Mrs. E. L. Fletcher, Mrs. A. D. Milliken), 129.54; Trinitarian Ch., Aux., 10; Malden, Aux., 36.36; Medford, Mystic Ch., Aux., 25; Methuen, Aux., 17; Wakefield, Aux., 41, C. E. Soc., 4; West Medford, Aux., 5; Winchester, Second Ch., Aux., 10,	547 19
<i>Barnstable Association.</i> —Miss Carrie E. Mitchell, Treas., South Dennis. Mrs. Charles A. Davis, Acting Treas., South Dennis. Yarmouth, Aux.,	10 00
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Adams, S. S., 7; Hinsdale, Aux., 14.80; Housatonic, Aux., 11.25; Lee, First Aux., 290; Monterey, Aux., 7.75; New Marlboro, Aux., 1.50; North Becket, Ladies' Aid, 1.32; Peru, Ladies' Aid, 3; Pittsfield, Off. at Rally, 10.37; First Ch., Miss Annie Ferry's S. S. Cl., 4.75; Richmond, C. E. Soc., 3; Camp Fire and M. B., 3; Sheffield, Aux., 10; West Stockbridge Center,	
3.14; Williamstown, First Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5. Less expenses, 2.28,	373 60
<i>Essex North Branch.</i> —Mrs. Leonard Noyes, Treas., 15 Columbus Ave., Haverhill. Friends, 26; Amesbury, Main St. Ch., S. S., 20; Georgetown, Aux., 54; Haverhill, Centre Ch., 24.60, Mary Lyon Club, 12.90, West Ch., S. S., 20.75; So. Byfield, Helen Noyes M. B., 10,	168 25
<i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Mrs. B. LeC. Spurr, Treas., 72 Elm St., West Lynn. Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Aux., 68, Dau. of Cov., 5.55, Second Ch., Miss. Study Cl., 6.25; Lynn, Central Ch., Aux., 27.43,	107 23
<i>Hampshire County Branch.</i> —Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Amherst, Blue Birds, 1; Amherst, North, Aux., 10; Hadley, O. J. S., 3; Hatfield, Aux., 10; North Hadley, M. C., 1; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 102.73; South Hadley, Aux., 50; Worthington, Aux., 2.40,	180 13
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 115 Warren Ave., Mattapan. Brockton, Porter Ch., Aux., 100; Duxbury, Aux., 6; Holbrook, S. S., 5; Plymouth, Ch. of Pilgrimage, Aux., 40; Quincy Point, Aux., 5.50; Randolph, Aux., 15.50; Weymouth, East, Aux., 35; Weymouth, South, Union Ch., 17.72, Aux., 45,	269 72
<i>North Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Julia S. Conant, Littleton Common. Ashby, Aux., 15; Boxborough, Boys' S. S. Cl., 1; Concord, Aux., 20; Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., 85, Kandelite Club, 35,	156 00
<i>Old Colony Branch.</i> —Mrs. Howard Lothrop, Treas., 3320 North Main St., Fall River. Dartmouth, South, S. S., 1.56; Fall River, Central Ch., Bible School, 11.50; Middleboro, Central Ch., S. S., 4; New Bedford, Trinitarian Ch., Jr. Miss. Soc., 5; Taunton, Broadway Ch., Aux., 15, Winslow Ch., Aux., 25,	62 06
<i>Reading.</i> —Mrs. L. M. H. Jewett,	4 00
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Holyoke, Second Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 279.15; South Hadley Falls, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Burritt Judd), 40; Springfield, Miss Elizabeth S. Hawkes, 50, Emmanuel Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 3.50, Faith Ch., Ladies' Aid Soc., 50, First Ch., Woman's Assoc., 160; Westfield, Second Ch., Aux., 35; Wilbraham, First Ch., 29.43,	647 08
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss Margaret D. Adams, Treas., 1908 Beacon St., Brookline. Friend, 575; Allston, Aux., 65; Boston, Friends through Miss S.	

L. Day, 33, Miss Louise Hoyle, 3, Mt. Vernon Ch., Guild, Friend, 25, Old South Ch., Aux., 47.52, Friend, 50, Park St. Ch., Aux., 300, Shawmut Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Brookline, Leyden Ch., Miss A. C. Bridgman, 5, S. S., 25; Cambridge, North Ch., W. F. M. Dept. of Woman's Assoc., 69.50, Pilgrim Ch., 28.80; Dorchester, Central Ch., Aux. (Len. Off., 31.70), 59.48, Second Ch., Aux., 38, Village Ch., M. B., 12; Faneuil, Queens of Avalon, 1; Needham, Cong. Woman's Club, 50; Neponset, Trinity Ch., Stone Aux., 11; Newton, North Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Newton Highlands, For. Miss. Dept., 60, Friendly Helpers, 9.60; Newton, West, Second Ch., Woman's Guild, 105.50; Newtonville, Central Ch., Guild, 20; Roxbury, Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept., 40; Roxbury, West, Anatolia Club, Sr. Section, 5; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5.20, First Ch., S. S., 6.39, Prospect Hill Ch., C. E. Soc., 1; Winthrop, Union Ch., Aux., 10, 1,667 99	
<i>Worcester County Branch.</i> —Miss Sara T. Southwick, Treas., 144 Pleasant St., Worcester, Friend, 100; Friend, 5; Athol, King's Messengers, 10; Blackstone, C. E. Soc., 5.50; Dudley, Aux., 3; Fisherville, Jr. C. E. Soc., 4; Northbridge, Aux., 5, C. E. Soc., 4; Southbridge, Aux., 1; Spencer, Aux., 3; Worcester, Central Ch., S. S., Jr. Dept., 16, Pilgrim Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 23.10, Plymouth Ch., Woman's Assoc., 53, Union Ch., Woman's Assoc., 30, 262 60	
Total,	4,955 85

LEGACY

<i>Chelsea.</i> —Miss Mary S. Butler, by Edward W. Bancroft, Admr., 500 00	
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RHODE ISLAND

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150, Meeting St., Providence, Alton, C. E. Soc., 1.50; Barrington, Ch., in mem. of Mrs. Harriet C. Baker, 25; Bristol, The Misses Wardwell, 100; Central Falls, Prim. Dept., S. S., 5; Darlington, S. S., 5, Prim. Dept., 5; East Providence, Newman Ch., Seekonk and East Providence, Aux., 29; Providence, Beneficent Ch., Mrs. James G. Woolworth, in mem. of her mother, Mrs. Henry M. Rawson, 25, Central Ch., Mrs. Hardin C. Waters, 10, Plymouth Ch., Mrs. James O. Yatman, 5; Slatersville, Aux., 7.50; S. S., 10, Prim. Dept., 1.90, 229 90	
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CONNECTICUT

<i>Bridgeport.</i> —Mrs. Henry Blodgett, 15 00	
<i>Eastern Connecticut Branch.</i> —Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London, Eastford, C. E. Soc., 10; Griswold, C. E. Soc., 5; Norwich, Weston Carpenter Pullen, Jr., 4, First Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 4; Scotland, S. S., 1.50, 24 50	

<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford, Int. Clara E. Hilliers Fund, 260; Int. Olive G. Williams Fund, 25; Burlington, Aux., 25 cts.; Coventry, Mrs. Tracy, 1; Farmington, Woman's Assoc., 30, O. J. S., 3; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., 406, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 90, Windsor Ave. Ch., Aux., 66; New Britain, South Ch., Mrs. D. O. Rogers, 60, Aux., 40, The Gertrude Rogers Cl., 5; Newington, Aux., Miss Agnes Belden, 10; Plainville, Aux., 30; Poquonock, Aux., 47; Suffield, Aux., 33; Tolland, Aux., 25; Windsor, Aux., 45, 1,176 25	
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven, Friend, 200; Friend, 100; Friend, 5; Mrs. Arthur R. Kimball, 50; Miss M. D. Porter, 30; Bridgeport, Olivet Ch., Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Gertrude Lake), 25, United Ch., 15; Canaan, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 12.80; Centerbrook, C. E. Soc., 15; Cromwell, Aux., 95, Earnest Workers, 20; Danbury, Aux. (to const. L. M. Miss Ann G. Merritt), 25, Jr. Miss. Soc., 5; East Haddam, C. E. Soc., 13; Greenwich, Aux., 248.06, C. E. Soc., 10; Haddam, Aux., 25; Meriden, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 15; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 56.87; New Haven, Center Ch., Prim. S. S., 10, Grand Ave. Ch., Aux. (50 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Thomas H. Gebbie, Mrs. P. C. Platt), 70; Plymouth, Aux., 10; Ridgefield, Aux., 107; Salisbury, C. E. Soc., 1; Shelton, Aux. (to const. L. M.'s Miss Ruth Beard, Mrs. Zina Beard), 50; Sound Beach, Aux., 10; Westbrook, Aux., 3, 1,226 73	
<i>Norwich.</i> —Miss Delia D. Leavens, 25 00	
Total,	2,467 48

NEW YORK

<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn, In Mem. of Loved Ones, 10; M. C. V., 5; Binghamton, First Ch., Aux., 200, Plymouth Ch., Miss. Soc., 5; Brooklyn, Central Ch., Aux., 115, Bible School, 50, Lewis Ave. Ch., S. S., 35, Parkville Ch., Philathea Cl., 6, Plymouth Ch., Guild, 25, Puritan Chapel, Dau. of Cov., 15, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, Jr. Dept., S. S., 15, Prim. Dept., S. S., 5, Richmond Hill Ch., Miss. Soc., 20; Buffalo, Plymouth Ch., Jr. M. C., 15; Camden, W. M. S. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. W. J. Frisbie), 30; Canandaigua, S. S., 16.22; Crown Point, W. M. S., 20.85; Flushing, First Ch., Aux., 20; Friendship, Aux., 10; Gloversville, W. M. S., 100; Greene, Ladies' Aid and Miss. Soc., 6; Howells, W. M. S., 7; Jamestown, Pilgrim Memorial Ch., Girls' League, 5; Munsville, Ch., Women, 3; New York, Christ Ch., Aux., 25, Manhattan Ch., Guild, 48.50; Pulaski, Ch., O. J. S. Girls, 1; Riverhead, First Ch.,	
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S. S., 15.80; Rochester, South Ch., Cl. of Girls, 3; Rodman, C. E. Soc., 1; Saratoga Springs, W. M. S., 65, Golden M. C., 4; Scarsdale, Miss. Soc., 5; Sherrill, S.S., 3, C. E. Soc., 4; Syracuse, Geddes Ch., Lend-a-hand, 12, Plymouth Ch., Woman's Guild, 50; Utica, Bethesda Ch., W. M. S., 12; Walton, W. M. U., 10.32; Warsaw, Miss Martha Tibbitts, 100; West Winfield, W. F. M. S., 27.77, 1,131 46

LEGACY

Beacon.—Minnie T. Kittredge, by Cecil K. Bancroft, Extr., 458 84

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH

Philadelphia Branch.—Miss Martha N. Hooper, Treas., 1475 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C. *Fla.*, Jacksonville, Aux., 50; Lake Helen, Aux., 22.50; Melbourne, Aux., 7; Melrose, Miss Fannie W. Whitcomb, 10; Orange City, Aux., 10; St. Petersburg, Aux., 105; Tangarine, Aux., 1.20; West Palm Beach, Aux., 5.50; Winter Park, Aux., 15; *N. J.*, Bound Brook, Aux., 26.50; Chatham, M. B., 2; Jersey City, First Ch., M. B., 10; Montclair, Watchung Ave. Ch., Aux.,

26; Nutley, M. B., 15; Plainfield, Aux., 23.26; Upper Montclair, Aux., 25; Westfield, Aux., 100; *Pa.*, Glensolden, Aux., 10, C. E. Soc., 5, 468 96

CHINA

Tungchow.—Woman's C. E. Soc., 18 00
 Donations, 6,015 18
 Buildings, 3,507 07
 Work of 1917, 83 00
 Specials, 8 75
 Legacies, 958 84
 Total, 10,572 84

TOTAL FROM OCTOBER 18, 1916 TO MARCH 31, 1917

Donations, 48,112 34
 Buildings, 23,402 52
 Work of 1917, 4,298 31
 Specials, 747 15
 Legacies, 5,952 69
 Total, 82,513 01

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GIFT

Previously acknowledged, 187,313 99
 Receipts of the month, 3,507 07
 Total, 190,821 06

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific

Receipts for February, 1917

MRS. W. W. FERRIER, Treasurer, 2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

CALIFORNIA

Northern California Branch.—Mrs. Arthur W. Moore, Treas., 415 Pacific Ave., Oakland. Collection at quarterly meeting, 5.95; Cradle Roll Supplies, 1; In memory of Mrs. Alice D. Jewett, 100; Berkeley, First, C. R., 65 cts.; Cupertino, C. E., for Training School, Foochow, 2.50; Eureka, 5; Ferndale, S. S., 30.85; Fresno, Pilgrim, 10; Likely, 73 cts.; Mill Valley, 2.74; Murphy's, 75 cts.; Oakland, First, 65, Plymouth, Gift of Miss Mary McClees making Mrs. A. W. Palmer life member, 25; Palo Alto, S. S., 5.01; San Francisco, First, S. S., 8.15; Stockton, C. R., 65 cts.; San Juan, 1; San Rafael, 1.36; San Jose, 75, S. S., furnish room in Lintsing Hospital, 17.68; Redwood City, 2.29, 384 59

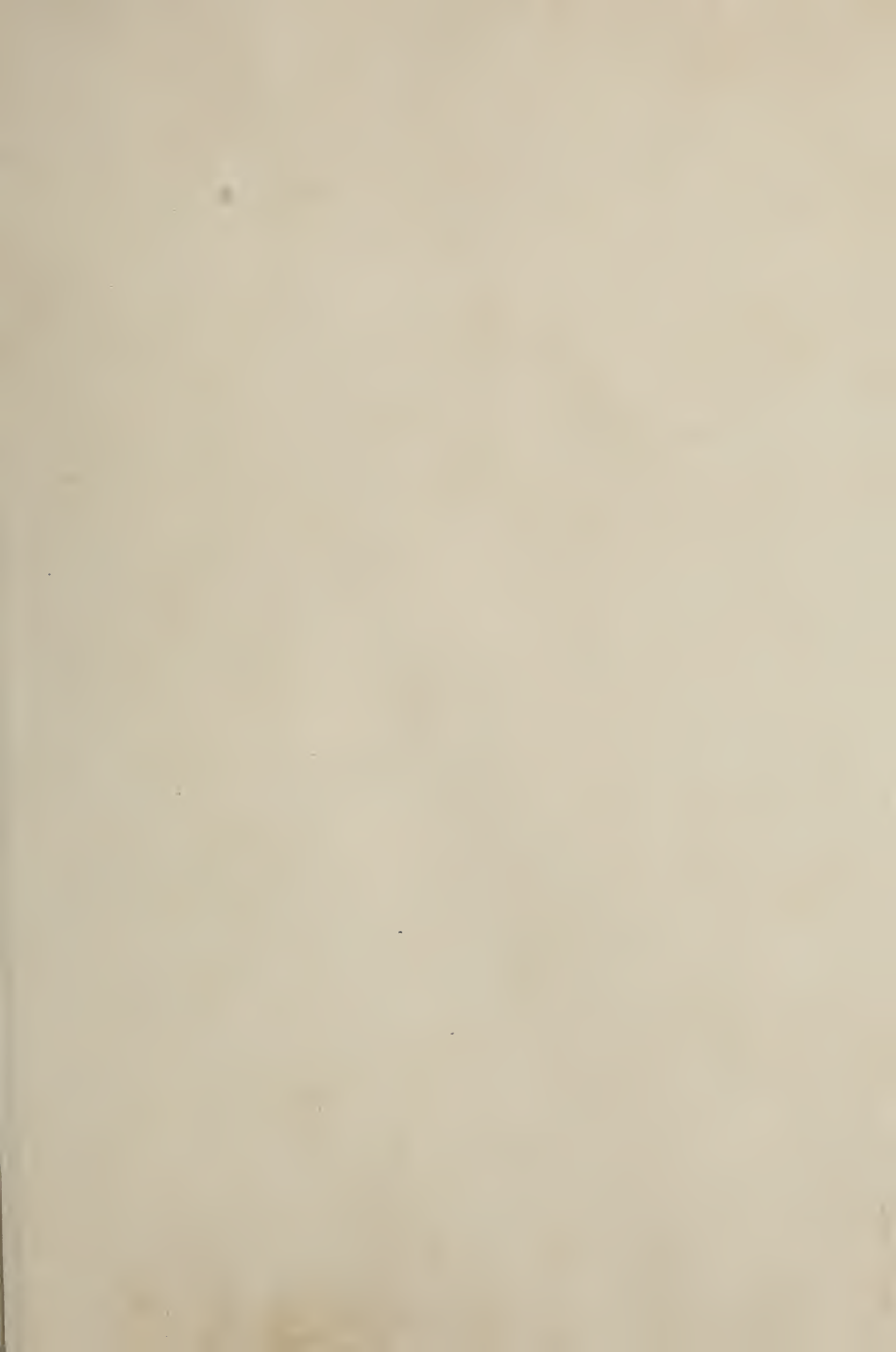
Southern California Branch.—Miss Emily M. Barrett, Treas., 178 Center St., Pasadena. Claremont, Mrs. Renwick, 60; Corona, 40, Mrs. Birdsall, 10; Highland, 30; Los Angeles, Colegrove, 5, S. S., 6.50, First, 157.50, Hollywood, 5, Trinity, 12.50, Vernon, S. S., 11.80; Monrovia, 7; Ontario, 52; Rialto, 16; San Diego, First, 52.90; Santa Barbara, 28.20; Sierra Madre, 20; Whittier, 25, 539 40

IDAHO

Idaho Branch.—Mrs. S. N. Travis, Treas., Weiser. Boise City, 40; Bruneau, 2, 42 00

UTAH

Utah Branch.—Mrs. George Brown, Treas., Sandy. Salt Lake City, First, 5, 5 00



1914

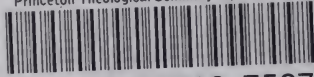
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